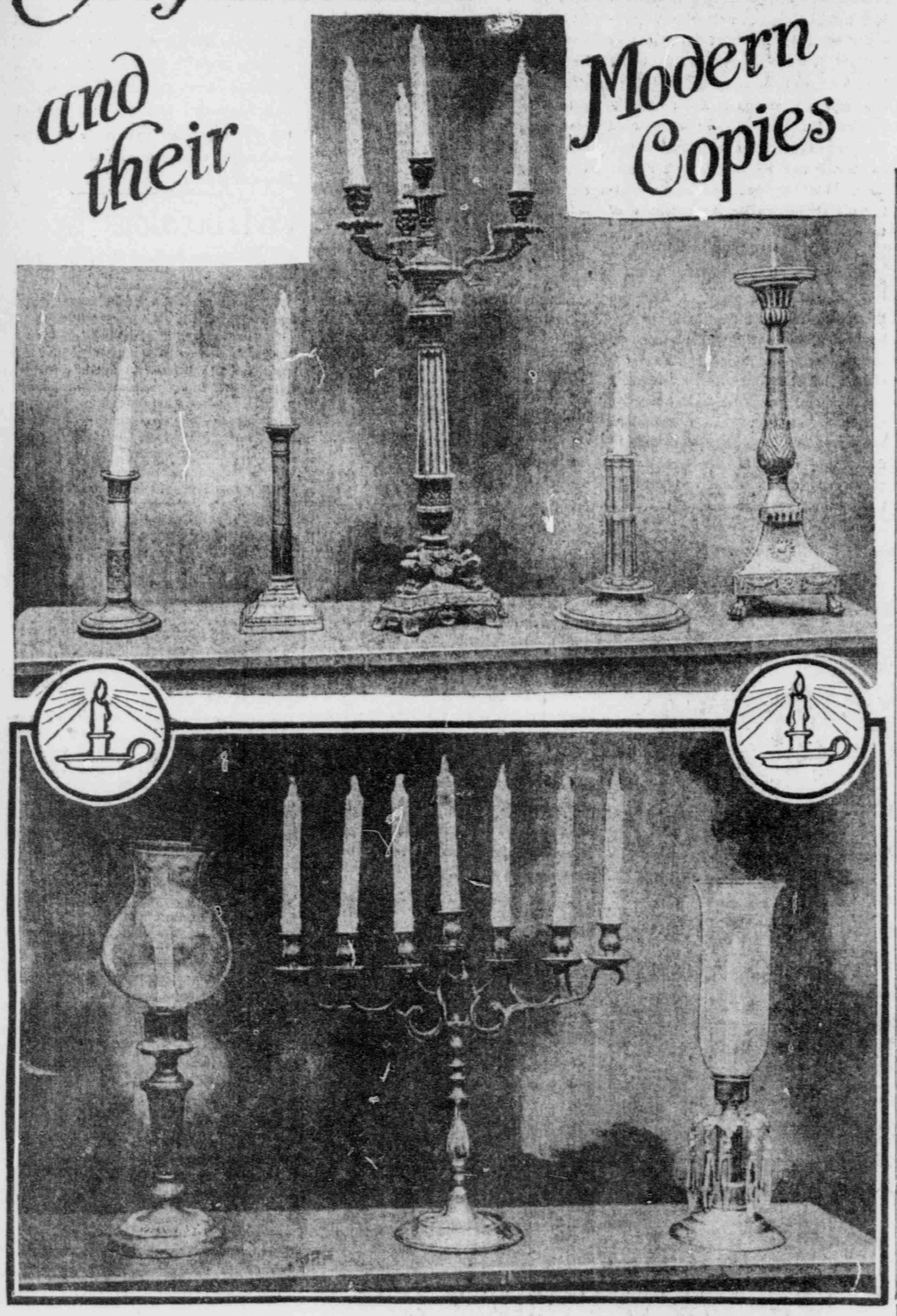
School for Housewives

by Marion Harland

Old-fashioned Candlesticks and their Modern Copies



ALMOST everything that is new in in candlesticks is a copy, directly or indirectly, of some old form, the hobby for old things having reached this particular branch of collecting with even more than the usual zeal.

Probably the oldest forms handed down to us are those made without the little cup in which the candle is usually held, and which is furnished instead with a small spike upon which the candle is impaled. Copies of these are wonderfully interesting as curios, but rather impracticable for use.

Seven-branched candlesticks savor of religion, and are tabooed, because of it, by many an otherwise hardened curio-seeker. Almost all of them (those seven-branched sticks—not the collectors!) are made to unscrew at the base, each two of the cups forming a branch which can be swung into a broad form and balanced about the central immovable one. Usually, too, all the little cups unscrew, for the purpose of better cleaning; and most of them, although there are the inevitable exceptions, of course, are kept to the simplest of lines.

Column-candlesticks are among the most dignified styles of both old and new. Some of them have the square base, with the simple column rising out of it, while others copy the most elaborate forms of columns known.

Most of the old sets, composed of candlesticks, snuffers and extinguishing cap, are broken—the snuffers being the most usual part to be lost, as its use went out so suddenly with the making of candles with self-consuming wicks.

Queer little shields were invented to make the carrying of candles—when they were the only form of light—possible through drafty halls, and to prevent too unpleasant flickering that the currents of air stirred up by your own movements about the room caused. Some of those shields were of metal, built out in a true shield shape at the back of the candlestick, but the most satisfactory were those of glass, shaped something like modern lamp-chimneys, but engraved and made beautiful.

The newest things of all, though still copies, are those copies of the old sticks dug up in ruins—the copies executed and finished with apparently the same green mold incorporated into them.

For smokers comes a tiny lamp, a modern fac-simile of those quaint little Pompeiian lamps which every traveler brings home with him; but these modern versions are made to serve a purpose well in keeping with the times. In the centre is a well for alcohol, further fitted with a round wick. In the end is a tiny torch stuck, with the end prepared for lighting upon instant application to the flame. The little alcohol lamp is kept burning (a single filling lasting through a long evening), the torch is lighted at it whenever a light is wanted, and extinguished by being thrust into its place again.

Glass candlesticks are the easiest to keep in exquisite order, and some stunning glass ones are about the handsomest of all being those in Colonial cut, with its simple, rich design. But there's an Old World charm which goes with those others of brass or pewter or even of silver, whether or not they are old or only copies, that is as much as the beauty of the candlesticks themselves.

When Metals Tarnish

Andirons and Candlesticks Require Frequent Polishing

WITH the proper care, and an absence of dampness, metal articles and trimmings alike keep their polish for a long time, without in the least beginning to do what every housekeeper dreads—perhaps most of all in her work—to tarnish. But a single damp day, if it is one of the penetrating kind, is a signal for a perceptible dulling of bright surfaces everywhere.

Brass beds, in either the bright or the antique finish, are usually made so that they don't tarnish—a coating of some sort of shellac successfully resisting attacks of dampness. But both of them are kept in better condition if they are given a daily dusting, and, every now and then, rubbed down vigorously with a dry flannel cloth. Beyond this, it is wiser to do nothing, for you run the risk of wearing through that covering and exposing the sensitive metal skin to every change of weather.

Andirons and candlesticks, and the various "extra" brasses and metals are the hardest to keep in order, as there's nothing which takes the place of frequent polishing, and a wearisome amount of labor must be expended to get—and keep—satisfactory results.

Plenty of cleaning powders and fluids are on the market for just such purposes, but if you use one which you think may contain acid in some form (a "quick" cleaner usually does), give your brasses the benefit of the doubt by cleaning quickly, and then following the cleaning by a thorough washing, but without soap, and rub briskly until every suspicion of moisture has been expelled. Or an even better way is to cover with finely powdered whiting, rubbing it down carefully and seeing that the whiting gets over every bit of the surface. Somehow it counteracts the evil effect of the acids, without in any way interfering with the process of cleaning.

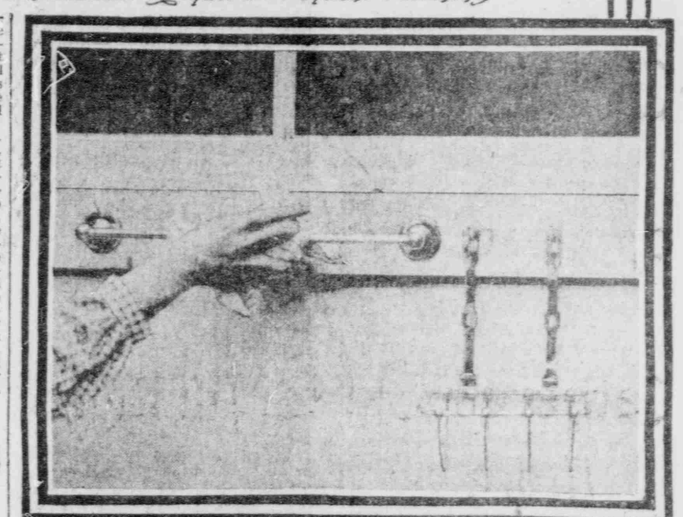
Salt and vinegar is one of the simplest of the acid cleaners, but every bit of it must be washed off as soon as the cleaning is done, or those ugly streaks and a sort of green mold will begin to form.

For enamel, dust carefully and wash with soap and water, dampening a cloth and wringing it out either in soapy water or in plain water, following the wringing by rubbing it on a bit of pure soap. Go over the enamel with fresh water, and polish with a dry, soft flannel.

The metal trimmings—nickel for the most part—which are to be found in almost every bath-room, are the easiest to keep bright, of all the many metal things about a house. Inexpensive as they are, in the first place, they require nothing more strenuous than the usual dusting and an occasional dry rub.

With old bits, don't be too particular. That dulling by age can be removed, often by misguided individuals, but it is part of their charm, and only wipings with a cloth wrung out of the hottest possible water, followed by a rub with dry flannels, should be given them.

In polishers, almost every housewife has her favorite kind. Chamois is preferred by me, buckskin—as serviceable as it is soft, if properly cured—by another, while a third disdains both and uses nothing but dry old flannel, the kind that is as near all-wool as possible and absolutely free from the tiny bits of something so often caught in with the twisting of woolen threads, and which scratches the surface and yet is splendid for woodwork and for the polishing of antique finished pieces.



The Easiest Things to Keep in Order

The Use of a Flannel Cloth Adds to the Lustre

Don't Clean the "Old" Look from Antique Brasses

In the Laundry---Washing Flannels

Practical Hints to Housewives by Marion Harland

"MANY women of many minds" would be an appropriate legend to write above the section of this chapter which treats of the temperature of the water in which flannels are washed. Says one prime authority upon household economics: "Flannels and household hosiery should be washed in tepid, soft water—never hot and never cold."

No less than five veteran housewives have written to me within the last two months extolling the merits of cold water as a means of cleansing flannels and keeping them soft.

"Having once tried this method of washing woolen goods, you will never be satisfied with any other," writes a grandmother who boasts that she is "not too old to learn."

In my own laundry, flannels have been washed in lukewarm water, squeezed, and not wrung out, shaken free of wet, dried quickly, and ironed on the wrong side while damp. To be frank, I have not found this method invariably satisfactory. The phrase "lukewarm water" leaves much to the discretion of each laundress. What would be several degrees above tepid to the mistress, feels cold to the toil-hardened hands of the maid. "Why not test the temperature with the thermometer?" cries our college-bred woman. There are many rules that look well in housewifely manuals which lapse into a deadletter in the rush and routine of a work-a-day life.

An Innovation.

Return we to our flannels. One day last week I put a particularly pretty dressing sacque into the family wash. The material is soft flannel, the design lilac flowers and leaves upon a white ground. A scalloped edge of lilac silk finishes sleeves and cuffs. Having just read a communication from one of the aforesaid veterans, I was moved to an experiment. The favorite garment was laid in cold salt-and-water for half an hour to set the color, then washed in cold suds, rinsed in cold water, dried in the shade, and ironed through a thin cloth laid over it. The laundress, obedient to instructions—albeit she had "never heard of the like before"—was loud in praise of the result. The color held fast, the white ground is clean and clear. The flannel remains as soft as when it was new. I wish other believers in warm suds for woolens would try the innovation for themselves upon material that has not been washed in the old way.

Air Them Well.

Hot water shrinks flannels. Hot irons carry on the evil work. To prevent shrinkage, stretch each garment often while it is drying. Not once or twice, but a dozen times, pulling out sleeves and body and skirt to their full width—and letting the length take care of itself. Here, again, what may be aptly named "the laundress of commerce"—the common garden variety of housemaid—fails in her duty, and her employer pays the penalty.

At this season it may be necessary, upon three out of four Mondays, to dry flannels indoors. Freezing shrinks woolen stuffs almost as badly as do the overheated water and the hissing hot iron.

When apparently dry, air flannels all night before laying them away in drawers or putting them upon human bodies. They retain moisture long and impart it readily. Soak other colored fabrics in cold salt-and-water for an hour before washing them.

With Colored Clothes.

Wring out the salt-and-water, rinse in clear, cold water, and wash at once in tepid suds, unless, indeed, you use soap bark or bran water. This last is excellent for colored cotton and linens, which require starch. Boil two quarts of wheat bran in six quarts of water for half an hour, let it get cool and strain through cheesecloth, pressing hard to get all the mucilaginous matter. Add cold water if too thick. After rinsing the brine out of your colored ginghams, calicoes and lawns, wash them in this, using neither soap nor starch. Always dry colored clothes in the shade and wrong side out. Neglect of this precaution brings many a dainty fabric to grief. When one recollects that to expose dampened cotton or woolen, silk or linen garments to the sun or air is a common bleaching process, one wonders to see delicate colors we would retain, if possible, subjected deliberately to these influences, for the want of a little common sense and ordinary care. Freezing fades no less than heat. Avoid both.

Our next paper will be "Motherly Talk With Our Hall Roomite."

THE COST OF THE TABLE

How Much Will It Take to Provide for Two People?

THE communication docketed for use today has been on file for several months. This fact will account for the appearance upon the menus of fresh vegetables non-procurable at this season by people of moderate means. The letter and the menus are offered in full as a test case in the matter now engaging the attention of our housewifely correspondents all over the country—the practicability of providing a table for two adults with food convenient for their needs and agreeable to their palates at a cost not exceeding $4.50 per week. Housemothers are invited to examine the long report herewith submitted, and to comment upon it candidly—and briefly! The subject is important and replete with interest to caterers for private families.

You ask for a bill of fare for four people, not to exceed $4.50 per week. I send you a two weeks' menu for two persons (Minneapolis prices)—my brother and myself. He is a collector for a manufactory, is out of doors half the time, and walks whenever it is possible. He is five feet nine inches in height and weighs 172 pounds. I am a bookkeeper (out at 4:30), am five feet five inches in height and weigh 140 pounds. This is to show that we are large working people and well nourished.

I make a large loaf of cake one week and a batch of cookies the alternate. As our breakfasts consist always of fruit—either fresh or stewed—potatoes in some form, either oatmeal and cream with toast or gems or griddle cakes, cookies, and coffee, I have omitted this meal in the bill of fare.

I do my shopping by sight, not by faith, and never throw away anything. We always have company at Sunday's dinner, two each Sunday this time, and another guest Thursday (i. e., the salad day). I used in this bill of fare beans left from the previous week for soup, but had as many left from this week; also pork with the fish, but had ample beef for two dinners left. We always have soup for dinner. I suppose because we were brought up that way.

Sunday Dinner.

Bean soup, roast veal with dressing, corn on the cob, stuffed tomatoes, mashed potatoes, grape and apple salad with cheesesticks, peach short-cake with cream, coffee.

Supper.

Bread and butter, cake and tea.

Monday Luncheon.

Fried green corn, potatoes, apple sauce, gems, tea.

Monday Dinner.

Veal broth, sausage, mush cakes, boiled oniors, potatoes, peaches and cream, gems.

Tuesday Luncheon.

Scalloped onions; baked potatoes; biscuits; tea; cake.

Tuesday Dinner.

Tomato soup; cold veal and dressing; creamed carrots; sliced tomatoes; grapes; tea.

Wednesday Luncheon.

Creamed carrots; cheese toast; stewed prunes; cake; tea.

Wednesday Dinner.

Veal soup; fried liver; mashed potatoes; stuffed tomatoes; corn cake; rice; prunes with cream.

Thursday Luncheor.

Hash; chopped cabbage; corn cake; cake; tea.

Thursday Dinner.

Cream of potato soup; minced liver; boiled corn; chopped cabbage; apple dumpling.

Friday Luncheon.

Escalloped corn; fried potatoes; apple dumpling; tea.

Friday Dinner.

Veal soup; boiled codfish; fried pork; boiled carrots; potatoes; sliced raw onion; prune pudding.

Saturday Luncheon.

Fish hash; chopped cabbage; gems; cake; tea.

Saturday Dinner.

Onion soup; warmed veal with dumplings; corn stewed; mashed potatoes; baked apples; gems.

Sunday Dinner.

Tomato soup; pot roast with Welsh pudding and panned potatoes; mashed squash; sliced tomatoes; apple and onion salad; chocolate squash pie (delicious).

Monday Dinner.

Beef broth; veal croquettes; baked squash; baked potatoes; squash pie.

Tuesday Luncheon.

Boiled eggs; toast; fried potatoes; boiled rice with hard sauce.

Tuesday Dinner.

Potato soup; cold beef; stuffed potatoes; cabbage stewed; rice fritters with hard sauce.

Wednesday Luncheon.

Creamed potatoes and carrots; chopped cabbage; gems; rhubard sauce.

Wednesday Dinner.

Beef soup; pork chops with mush cakes; mashed potatoes; squash; boiled onions; grape salad; cheese sticks; apple pie with hard sauce; cheese; coffee.

Thursday Luncheon.

Scalloped onions, potato cakes, gems, prune sauce.

Thursday Dinner.

Onion soup, beef warmed in gravy, baked squash and potatoes, apple pie.

Friday Luncheon.

Omelet, gems, rhubarb sauce, cake.

Friday Dinner.

Beef soup, fishballs, stewed cabbage, prune whip.

Saturday Luncheon.

Fish balls, carrots, prune whip.

Saturday Dinner.

Baked beans, chopped cabbage, corn bread, steamed rhubarb pudding with sauce.

Price List.

Veal neck next the shoulder, 7 cents per pound; 3½ pounds 25 cents; pork sausage, ½ pound, 5 cents; small beef liver, 1 pound, 5 cents; codfish, 10 cents; baked beans, 10 cents; pot roast, 4 pounds, 5 cents per pound, 20 cents; pork chops, 10 cents. Total, 85 cents.

Milk, 10 cents; butter, 30 cents; eggs, 20 cents; cheese, 10 cents; lard, 8 cents. Total, $1.28.

Flour, 10 cents; cornmeal, 10 cents; oatmeal, 5 cents; sugar, 25 cents; tea, 15 cents; coffee, 15 cents; bread, 10 cents; crackers, 5 cents. Total, 95 cents.

Apples (cooking), 25 cents; grapes, 10 cents; prunes, 5 cents; rhubarb, 5 cents; peaches, 10 cents. Total, 50 cents.

Potatoes, 10 cents; tomatoes (a basket), 10 cents; corn, 6 cents; dry onions, 5 cents; cabbage, 5 cents; Hubbard squash, 5 cents; carrots, 5 cents; rice, 5 cents. Total, 51 cents.

Total, $4.09; leaving 41 cents for seasonings, etc.

I get a pint of milk daily, and a bottle of cream Sunday. We drink coffee each morning except on Sunday.

L. F. D. (Minneapolis, Minn.)

Some of the prices quoted by our canny correspondent are startlingly low to my apprehension, but I am not conversant with Minneapolis markets. Other of the notable Minnesota contingent—in which we take honest pride—will inform us whether or not "L. F. D.'s" story is verified by their observation and experience. In giving up the whole space allotted to our exchange this week to what has been read by at least one housemother with lively interest, I am sure that other practical homemakers will approve of the effort to get at the bottom of the matter boldly broached by a trustworthy member of our co-operative band, and taken up warmly by others.

I await eagerly the verdict of the constituency at large.

ARE YOU?

In up-to-date society,
This wisdom should be poured:
A person should be too well drilled
To show when he is bored.
—Baltimore American.

THE MEAN THING.

Gladys—Who was that fine-looking man I saw you with yesterday?"
Phyllis—My husband.
Gladys—How much luckier you were than he."

Euthanasia.

The perished rose's petals lie
Beneath your bodice prest—
Ah, death were sweet if I might die
Crushed thus against your breast!
—Wallace Hurf, in the Culturist.